

7-15-1859

Letter to John Butler from William Butler

William Butler

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St. Joseph Putnam City Mo. July 15. 1899

Dear Brother John,

I hasten to write you
a few lines when I last wrote to you
I was verry sick but I worried along
took lots of frosts pills bathed verry
frequently in cold water until I got the
fever broken I think it was the typhoid
fever I got so that I could walk round
a little again. Victoria got to be able
to sit up about one fourth of her time
and Viola able to walk a few steps alone
so yesterday morning we started again
after paying out about thirty five dollars
in cash to the doctor and landlady it
seems that we have had hard luck so
far but I am not disposed to murmur
it makes me think of a song I used to
to sing in my youthful days it runs
thus Afflictions though they seem severe
are often money sent and so I look at
it and try to feel content with my lot

This morning one of my wagon tires rolled
off so I am now having the tires all set
on my wagon and buggy both
my stock all stand it verry well so far
except the bull calf he gave out and I

made him and his mother for a very
likely five year old cow she is giving
milk but has no calf I have not been
able to get a grain of corn for my
horses since I fed out what I started with
but we turn them out every night on
the grass they nor the cattle have ever
made any attempt yet to leave us I
have never heard anything yet of Joseph
I expect he is in Kansas before this
I shall have to stop writing for I am
weak yet and am becoming quite nervous
I am on the mend considerably Victoria
and Viola are still mending slowly
the weather is very warm and dry we
can not travel far in a day but
if we keep able to do so we will try to
go a little every day which will take
us there after while

Yours with great respect.

W. L. Butler

Butler Family Letters

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Title: Letter to Brother John from William C. Butler (St John Putnam City, Missouri)

Date: July 15, 1859

Transcription:

St. John Putnam Cty. Mo. July 15, 1859

Dear Brother John,

I hasten to write you a few lines when I last wrote to you I was verry sick but I worried along took lots of frosts pills bathed verry frequently in cold water until I got the fever broken. I think it was the tiphoid fever I got so that I could walk a little again. Victoria got to be able to sit up about one fourth of her time and Viola able to walk a few steps alone so yesterday morning we started again after paying out about thirty five dollars in cash to the doctor and landlord it seems that we have had hard luck so far but I am not disposed to murmur it makes me think of a song I used to sing in my youthful days it runs thus Afflictions though they seem severe are often mercy sent and so I look at it and try to feel content with my lot

This morning one of my wagon tines roled off so I am now having the tines all set on my wagon and buggy both my stock all stand it verry well so for except the bull calf he gave out and I traded him and his mother for a verry likely fiveyear old cow She is giving milk but has no calf I have not been able to get a grain of corn for my horses since I fed out what I started with but we turn them out every night on the grafs they nor the cattle have ever made any attempt yet to leave us I have never heard anything yet of Joseph I expect he is in Kansas before this

I shall have to stop writing for I am weak yet and am becoming quite nervous I am on the mend considerable. Victoria and Viola are stil mending slowly the weather is verry warm and dry we can not make it far in a day but if we keep able to do so we will try to go a little every day which will take us there after while.

Yours with great respect

Wm C. Butler